THE PORT FOLIO,

(NEW SERIES)

BY OLIVER OLDSCHOOL, ESQ.

> Various;—that the mind
> Of desultory man, studious of change,
> And pleas'd with novelty, may be indulg'd.
> COWPER.

Vol. III.] *Philadelphia, Saturday, January* 31, 1807. [No. 5.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

For The Port Folio.

MISCELLANY.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

THE finest productions of genius have been called forth by the convulsions of those contending passions which sometimes agitate the human constitution. When feeling is excited, ideas spontaneously flow, with warmth and animation, from the heart. The pompous decorations of art are, then, thrown aside with disgust; while nature, in a garb, plain and unadorned, advances, and insensibly steals a march on our sensibility. Nature is known, and must be judged of by its effects. Art labours: you see all its wily attempts to wave its sceptre victoriously over the passions and emotions of the human heart. These put you, involuntarily, on your guard, and you are enabled, without exertion, to parry the meditated blow. All the most elegant and sublime compositions, either of ancient or modern times, were written during the predominance of some passion over the system. Who can read the sonnets of Petrarch without participating with their authour in all the retirement, in all the melancholy of unreturned love? Although they are decked with the flowers of poetick fancy; although they are adorned "with the wreath of every science," you are inclined to retire with their illustrious authour to the solitude of Vaucluse, to weep over the beauty of Laura, and to lament, with unfeigned sorrow, the existence of his lawless and unhappy love. To the existence of love, that noble and generous passion, in the breast of the amiable and charitable Shenstone, are we indebted for his immortal pastoral ballad. How affecting is the song of the simple, sublime, and pathetick Burns, when bidding adieu to his beloved Eliza. The eloquence of untutored and uncultivated genius, is displayed, in the brightest colours, in that inimitable little poem. The real emotions of the authour are communicated to the reader, and he actually believes he is parting with the object of his love.* Doctor Young, the poetick luminary of the eighteenth century, when weeping over the untimely fate of his beloved Narcissa, handed to the world his *Complaint*, which will continue to be read with increasing admiration and delight, as long as virtue is held in estimation among men.

* I hope the Editor will excuse me, if my attachment to the virtues of a lady of distinguished talents, refined taste, and charming manners, who has read and continues to read this poem with admiration and delight, has induced me to speak, in higher terms of it, than perhaps the accurate criticism of unbiassed judgment, or the cool reflection of enlightened reason would allow.

The preceding remarks were suggested to me by the following stanzas which came, accidentally, into my hands, and which I now transmit to you, for publication, in your elegant, literary miscellany. They were, evidently, dictated by natural feeling, and have, in my opinion, derived every possible advantage from this circumstance. They were written by a lady remarkable for amiability of disposition. She had left her paternal mansion in the State of Delaware to reside for a few months in the bosom of a hospitable family in Maryland. But during her absence, the unfortunate news of the death of a favourite brother, gave rise to the following verses. They are incomplete. She was surprised in the act of composition, and never could be persuaded to resume her pen.

S. A.

Belle Air, Maryland.

Sigh not ye winds, as passing o'er
The chambers of the dead ye fly;
Weep not ye dews! for these no more
Shall never weep, shall never sigh.

Why mourn the throbbing heart at rest?
How still it is within the breast!
Why mourn? since Death presents us peace,
And in the grave our sorrows cease.

The shatter'd bark, from adverse winds,
Rest in the peaceful haven finds;
And when the storms of life are past,
Life drops her anchor there at last. M. H.

For The Port Folio.

THE DRAMA.

New-York, December 24, 1806.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

As a taste for the Theatre has lately become so very prevalent in all parts of the United States, and theatrical intelligence sought after with such avidity by all ranks of people, we, in order to gratify this ruling propensity, have been induced to give such a sketch o the New-York performers, as we presume will not be altogether uninteresting to your readers.

The following account is intended to embrace the age, person, voice, &c. of each actor and actress, who have attained to any considerable degree of eminence in their profession.

How far, Mr. Oldschool, this design may meet with your concurrence the event alone can determine. Its utility, however, appears to us so extremely obvious, that we are confident in our hopes of meeting your entire approbation.

We shall begin with Mr. Cooper, as he is at the head of our dramatick corps. Mr. C. is in figure extremely graceful, slender, and inclining to tall; his face is peculiarly handsome, and his features uncommonly expressive; his voice is strong, clear, and capable of infinite modulation. Mr. Cooper is undoubtedly the best tragedian on the American continent; the stronger and more lively passions of the soul are delineated with a skill and effect which are in vain sought for in the performances of any other actor on this side of the Atlantick. Mr. C. is in the 30th year of his age, of which he has trod the stage near twelve.

Next to our Roscius may we rank the modest and intelligent Robinson. Mr. R. is about twenty-six years of age; his figure is tall and well proportioned; his face is handsome, but wants expression; his voice is remarkably clear, but deficient in power and compass. Mr. R. plays Lewson in the Gamester, Laertes in Hamlet, and several other characters, with uncommon correctness.

Mr. Martin is one of the very few Americans who have succeeded in the histrionick art. Among the inhabitants of New-York, his talents perhaps are held in higher estimation than they would be any where else, from the circumstance of his being a native of the place. Mr. M. is about thirty-five years of age. He possesses a fine shape, which might be rendered more than commonly graceful by a proper cultivation. From a continued state of ill health, his voice has become weak and broken, and his face thin and emaciated. Mr. M's walk in the drama is more universal than any of his brother performers. He portrays with equal success, the character of Frenchmen, Jews, country boys, fops, or gentlemen.

Mr. Tyler, in a particular line of old men, such as King Henry VI, in Richard III, and Priuli in Venice Preserved, is chiefly excellent. Mr. T.'s voice is unpleasant and monotonous, but the features of his countenance benign and agreeable. Mr. T. is of the middle stature, and about sixty years of age.

Mr. Harwood, as a literary character and a man of talents, is much respected. As an actor he possesses very considerable claims to publick patronage. The figure of Mr. H. is rather heavy, his voice thick, and his features large. Mr. H. may be about forty-five years of age. His most esteemed performances are Falstaff, Sir Fretful, Plagiary, Dennis Brulgruddery, Sheva, &c.

Mr. Twaits is an uncommon favourite with our pit and gallery, and although he sometimes succeeds in raising a laugh among the genteeler part of the audience, the boxes, it is uniformly at the expense of nature or modesty. Mr. T. is about twenty-five years of age. His figure is small but not ill proportioned; his voice shrill, squeaking, and monotonous; and his face what the ladies call monstrous ugly, but which is, in our opinion, well calculated to give effect to scenes of low comedy and farce.

Mr. Hogg, in old men, antiquated servants, and Yorkshiremen, is universally acknowledged to be without a rival on the American stage. Though there are few who can depict the passions of cruelty, rage, anger or resentment, with as much justice as Mr. H. yet there are still fewer who can delineate with equal success the workings of paternal and filial love. His Tyke, and Job Thornberry, may rank with any thing ever exhibited on our stage. Mr. Hogg is a stout and tolerably well built man; his face, without having any pretensions to beauty, is yet manly and expressive. His voice has a striking peculiarity, probably contracted from his so frequently playing the characters of cynical old men. Mr. H. is near fifty years of age.

Messrs. Darly and Shapter are exlent bass singers, but indifferent performers.

Messrs. Hallam and Soubere are not unuseful appendages of a theatre.

Mrs. Darly's figure is small; her face is beautiful, though not remarkable for its expression; her voice is sweet and melodious, but not sufficiently strong nor varied. Sentimental girls, till lately, have been considered as Mrs. D's *chef-d'œuvre;* but the excellence which she has this winter displayed in the delineation of several tragick characters, renders this point, with many, extremely doubtful. Mrs. D. is six and twenty years of age.

Mrs. Villier's person is below the middle size; her face, without possessing any strong marks of beauty, is, however, agreeable from that smile of complacency which generally overspreads it. The lower tones of her voice are harsh and unpleasant, while the higher are powerful and melodious. Mrs. V. occasionally assumes the sock and buskin. Her tragedy often rises to excellence, and never sinks below mediocrity. Her chambermaids are remarkable for their spirit and chasteness. Mrs. V. is about thirty years of age.

Mrs. Oldmixon's figure is neither remarkable for its beauty or symmetry: her voice is squeaking, and her face can certainly have no pretensions to beauty. Notwithstanding these disadvantages, Mrs. O. has attained to a very enviable rank in her profession. As a scientifick singer, she is without a rival on the American boards. Her chambermaids and old women are superiour to any thing we ever witnessed. Mrs. O. is about fifty years of age. Miss Dellinger is an agreeable warbler, but no actress.

I remain yours &c.

THEATRICUS.

SALLUST.

About eighty years before the Christian era, Crispus Sallustius was born in the country of the Sabines.

He received his education at Rome, where he engaged in all the dissipation of the city, and exhibited a

remarkable instance of dissolute conduct.

The contemplation of his writings is far more agreeable than that of his life. His preceptor, whose name was Pretexatus, perceiving that his scholar showed a predilection for history, gave him a summary of the whole Roman history, to choose the particular parts which he wished to treat of. He composed the history of the civil wars of Marius and Sylla until the death of Sertorius, and of the temporary troubles excited by Lepidus after the death of the dictator.

Nearly the whole of this work is lost, and all we have to boast are the Catiline conspiracy and the Jugurthine war.

His fame as an historian, in the former work, is sullied by his evident prejudice against Cicero, who ought to have appeared the prominent figure on the canvas. It is the duty of a faithful narrator not only not to say any thing that is false, but also not to omit any thing that is true.

The senate decreed thanks to Cicero for having delivered the state from imminent danger, without effusion of blood. This was a publick act, mentioned by all the other historians: Sallust does not mention it. Catullus and Cato gave to Cicero the glorious name of father of his country, which Pliny and Juvenal have reported: Sallust does not mention it. The magistrates of Capua, the first municipal town in Italy, decreed a statue to Cicero for having saved Rome during his consulate: Sallust does not mention it. The senate granted him an unprecedented honour; it ordained what they called supplications in the temples, which had never been granted but to those who triumphed: Sallust does not mention it. In the Catiline war, every thing is accurately detailed except the actions of Cicero. The fidelity of an historian is concerned not only in exhibiting the punishment of crimes, but the conduct and the reward of virtue.

But he had married Terentia, the repudiated wife of Cicero, and his personal enmity prevailed over his candour and his justice. Indeed he owed his situation to a fortunate election of his party. When his debaucheries had ejected him from the senate, he became a partizan of Cæsar, and by his power was restored to his seat. When governour of Numidia, he enriched himself by peculation, but the same circumstance preserved him from punishment; and Cæsar affords an additional example to that which is daily before our eyes, that the head of a party is seldom scrupulous in the choice of his associates.

It is said that, when the people accused him to the dictator, Sallust was excused from making his defence, by giving to the master whom he had served a part of the money which he had stolen, and so secured to himself the peaceable possession of that magnificent house and those beautiful gardens at Rome, which still retain the name of their former owner, and which he enjoyed till he was fifty years of age, the period of his death. When the general demeanour of Sallust is recalled to our memory, it excites a smile in the reader, who finds him so loudly declaiming against the depravity of his age, and so anxiously wishing for the revival of ancient manners.

Sallust has been accused of endeavouring to impose upon posterity by affecting great austerity in his sentiments and by holding out a moral which did not spring from the heart: that he searched for antiquated expressions only to establish a belief that his principles, as well as his style, had the virtuous severity of the first ages of the republick: that he borrowed the terms of Cato the censor, in order to make it appear that he in some measure resembled that model of virtue, to whom, in every respect, he was directly the opposite.

In every thing that respects talents, Sallust is eminently great. He exhibits not only a thorough acquaintance with the vices of Rome, but a deep and accurate knowledge of human nature. He is every where correct in his relation of events, and, except in a single instance, just in his delinea-

tion of characters. He fathoms the depths of human policy, and not only describes actions, but develops motives. In that respect he is sagacious as well as faithful, and executes with great ability the highest part of the historian's office.

The reader is always gratified when he is to trace effects to their causes, is admitted to the cabinet as well as the camp, and obtains a clue which will open to him a way through the mazes of political life.

Thucidydes was his model; but in nerve and force he is thought to be his superiour.

Seneca says, that in the Greek historian you may retrench somewhat without diminishing the merit of the diction, much less the plenitude of the thoughts. In Sallust, a single word suppressed, the sense is destroyed. While he is equally concise, energetick, and perspicuous, his sentences are less broken, less harsh, and more elegantly constructed than those of Thucidydes. His descriptions are uncommonly correct, and his speeches are particularly animated. Who has ever read the speech of Catiline to the conspirators, beginning with the words "Ni Virtus," without being struck with admiration at the great ability of the writer? It would indeed have enhanced his fame, had he transmitted to posterity the noble and patriot address of Cicero to the rebel, when he was about to seat himself amongst the senators. The memorable exordium, "How long, O Catiline, will you abuse our patience?" rushes upon the subject with all the fire of Pindarick poetry, and the relation would have furnished an eulogium on the taste as well as the justice of the historian.

Sallust has been censured for the length of his harangues. Rapin says, that soldiers do not declaim like orators. But his speeches are those of eminent men, perfectly capable by education and talents to deliver them; and they are appropriate both to the occasion and to the speakers.

Though Sallust be concise in the narrative part of his history, he is completely accurate, and equally celebrated for brevity and for fire. The tediousness of his introductions is the only alloy to the excellence of his works. They are circuitous to no useful purpose, for they do not conduce to the main design, and are frequently as irrelative as they are prolix. It may probably have happened to many an impatient reader, to have relinquished the pleasure which this authour would have afforded him, from the disgust, which he must have experienced at the outset. But the diligent scholar will not so soon give up the pursuit: he resembles the labourer, who exerts himself, with unabated vigour, to remove a ponderous and useless mass of earth, from the confident expectation that it covers a vein of rich and valuable metal.

For The Port Folio.

MR. OLDSCHOOL,

Various have been the opinions of the learned concerning the phænomenon of *dreaming*; some believing it to be the operation of the *soul* whilst the *body* remained in a state of *inactivity*: others, again, run counter to this opinion; as for instance, *Aristotle*, who expressly says, "a *dream* is that only in which the soul is *not* active; whilst Lucretius strikes out into a *fresh* field of speculation, and performs the whole by the *mysterious* intervention of *simulchra*, viz. a *vapour* arising from the human body, which, floating in the air, descends in sleep and assaults the *soul*. How far these sages of antiquity have succeeded in the illustration of this operation of *nature*, or whether it may not be the effect of some *supernatural* cause, (for on what principles can we account for the vision of *Brutus*, as also that of *Dion?* the former of whom was musing in his tent when the spectre made its appearance, nay, even interrogated it! and the latter sitting on his porch in broad daylight!) I leave for the more sagacious to determine. This by way of preface. I now proceed to relate a dream of my own, which,

should it answer the end in view, I hope it will not signify whether it be of the sleeping or waking kind; at least I shall not be the first who has dreamed with open eyes. Mistaking the hour, and retiring to rest before my usual time, a few nights ago, I found myself indisposed for sleep; and the "moonlight (to use the language of Shakspeare) sleeping on my window," led my mind into a train of thought, and among other things, into the contemplation of that beautiful planet, that was then illuminating my *room*, and the various divisions of her surface into land and water, &c. with which astronomers have so very ingeniously entertained us, till at length I insensibly fell asleep, and had the following dream. Methought I was in possession of a paper entitled the "*Lunatist*," bearing evident marks of having been printed in the moon, from the following extract of an oration, delivered on a publick occasion by one of their chief orators: "Shall we, a happy and free people, enjoying the most fertile region of the moon, submit to the outrages of such an abandoned and unprincipled set of men as the Hexicothes? No, citizens, no!" But the most interesting passage of all, to me, as an *American*, and which made the deepest impression on my mind, was the declaration of an "agreement made between Thomas Jefferson, President of the *United States of America*, (earth), and a certain *Emperour of the Moon*, for all those unappropriated lands, situated near the *Lunar Taurus*." At the idea of a fresh speculation of our President, when those of *Louisiana* and the *Floridas* have been productive of so much *tribulation*, and even now our brave countrymen are contesting their right by the point of the sword, I gave a sudden start, which shook the *pillars* of my visionary building, and laid its towering *battlements* in ruin. After rousing your expectation in my first essay, of becoming your correspondent, I thought it would be acting the part of a vain boaster, finally to disappoint you; for, be assured, my *circumstances* are too confined to furnish out an *entertainment* worthy of your *partaking*. But should the humble *fare* which is now spread before you meet with a good appetite, let us for a while forget the *sumptuous* table of the epicure, and yield the soul to the enjoyment of as sweet though less *luxurious* diet. The following verses written some time ago on the *death* of Mr. Fox, late Prime Minister of England, solicit a place in The Port Folio.

"In pining want, with care and sickness worn,
Of friends bereav'd, from every comfort torn,
How many woo thee in the lonely cell
Where solemn gloom and boding sorrows dwell,
Imploring rest within the friendly tomb,
And yet, O *Death!* denied this common boon.
From hut low-roof'd, to costly mansions sped,
Thou seek'st the statesman on the downy bed.
Ev'n now in tears, lo! Albion's genius stands,
And her deep groans are heard in distant lands;
The *patriot* weeps to see his country's woe,
O'er foreign wars, and mighty *Fox* laid low;
Fair *Science* too laments her glory gone,
Around whose head her early honours shone;
The *Muses* eke, amid the silent grove,
Forego the harp, and in despondence rove;
A solemn sadness dwells on ev'ry brow,
And grateful tears in briny torrents flow."

F. C. C.

Carlisle, January 7th, 1807.

OF THE FIRST POETRY.

The praise of heroes and of gods, love-songs, pastoral and elegiack poems; in fine all those in which the heart and passions are more immediately and naturally concerned, would employ the attention of the earliest bards; and the different kinds would be cultivated more or less, according to the state of society in which men are placed, or the passions with which they are actuated.

The Arabians, Jews, Persians, and other Asiatick nations, have all discovered a propensity to poetry in an early period. And even the wild Americans, at this very day, have their war-songs and amorous ditties; which are chanted and sung with a force and spirit peculiar to themselves.

But the ancient Gothick and Celtick nations, placed in a colder climate, with nerves better braced, and spirits more invigorated, have discovered, perhaps a nobler vein, and breathed a higher enthusiasm.

From the romantick nature of their mythology, and their enthusiastick regard to women, on whom, as believing them possessed of a prophetick spirit, they bestowed

the highest honours, and worshipped them with the most distant respect; from their belief in legendary tales, enchantment and demonism; partly, too, from their own bold and intrepid spirit, as well as that of the feudal government which inspired them with great ideas of heroism and liberty, the Gothick and Celtick genius was particularly turned for musick, poetry, and the wildest raptures of enthusiasm.

The works of Ossian, who flourished in the reign of the emperour Caraccalla, are distinguished for boldness and sublimity. Born with a lofty genius and romantick soul, he had the advantage of being an eye-witness and an actor, in many of the heroick scenes he describes.

That such a man should arise in a dark and illiterate age, is only to be accounted for from the strength of nature, and the predominance of genius, men in his country being then in the next state to the savage; no laws, no civil polity, no arts, no written language. The only chance the poet had of having his works transmitted to posterity, was oral tradition, and this was subject to a thousand accidents.

Such was the footing on which stood the bards, scalds, druids, runers, and minstrels of the northern nations; yet these were then held in the highest estimation, were consulted as oracles upon all great occasions, and to them all the little learning then known was confined.

The poetick genius of the ancient Britons exerted itself in their bards with a wonderful effect; since, in their long struggle with the Romans, and afterwards with the Saxons, the druids and bards spurred on the nation with such animating strains to fight for their liberties and country, that their conquerors found it necessary to suppress or put them to death, in order to facilitate their conquests.

In the sixth century, Taliessin the king of bards, Aneurin, Llywarch-Hen, Cian, Talihearn, and all the most famous Welch poets, flourished.

Most of the works, however, of these poets are lost, and of those that remain, their antiquity and obscurity are so great, that they are become almost unintelligible.

Even the Norwegians, who were a branch of the ancient Scandinavians, and descendants of the Goths, were particularly tinctured with this poetick spirit, and have left remains that would do honour to any age, for a true and genuine enthusiasm.

Wherever, therefore, an ear for musick has prevailed, or sparks of genius blazed, in the rudest ages, and in all nations, poetry has discovered itself, independent of climate, of the shocks of time, or the revolutions of society.

It has, however, its natural and predisposing causes; such as strong passions, solemnity of character, heroism, romance, chivalry; a country beautiful and pastoral, or wild and mountainous; luxury, indolence, war or love.

A pastoral life as affording leisure and tranquillity, naturally disposes to love and a soft kind of poetry; hence its strains are generally either amorous and tender; or gay, sprightly and cheerful.

On the other hand, a life of war, as pregnant with danger, bold enterprises, and military enthusiasm, produces a poetry, wild, bold, and elevated; sometimes deeply melancholy, but generally full of fire and sublimity.

Compare, in this view, the poetry and musick of the north and south of Scotland, and you will see whence the difference arises. The latter, like Arcadia of old, affords the sweetest pastoral strains in the world; the former breathes of nothing but wild grandeur and melancholy.

I conclude with observing, that as poetry, for reasons already given, is naturally the first exertion of eloquence or composition, in a rude and unenlightened age, so it will pass three different stages in its progress to refinement.

In the most savage state of society it will be rude, bold, metaphorical; but full of passion and nature.

In the second stage it will be more comprehensive in its objects, as well as phraseology; more correct, but less ardent; more simple than sublime.

In the third stage, imagination, passion and philosophy, will all unite to carry it to the highest perfection.

From Burke's Maxims.

CHURCH ESTABLISHMENT OF ENGLAND.

First, I beg leave to speak of our church establishment, which is the first of our prejudices, not a prejudice destitute of reason, but involving in it profound and extensive wisdom. I speak of it first. It is first, and last, and midst in our minds. For, taking ground on that religious system, of which we are now in possession, we continue to act on the early received, and uniformly continued sense of mankind. That sense not only, like a wise architect, hath built up the august fabrick of states, but like a provident proprietor, to preserve the structure from profanation and ruin, as a sacred temple, purged from all the impurities of fraud, and

violence, and injustice, and tyranny, hath solemnly and forever consecrated the commonwealth, and all that officiate in it. This consecration is made, that all who administer in the government of men, in which they stand in the person of God himself, should have high and worthy notions of their function and destination; that their hope should be full of immortality, that they should not look to the paltry pelf of the moment, nor to the temporary and transient praise of the vulgar, but to a solid, permanent existence in the permanent part of their nature, and to a permanent fame and glory, in the example they leave as a rich inheritance to the world.

Such sublime principles ought to be infused into persons of exalted situations; and religious establishments provided, that may continually revive and enforce them. Every sort of moral, every sort of civil, every sort of politick institution, aiding the rational and natural ties that connect the human understanding and affections to the divine, are not more than necessary, in order to build up that wonderful structure, Man; whose prerogative it is, to be, in a great degree, a creature of his own making; and who, when made as he ought to be made, is destined to hold no trivial place in the creation. But whenever man is put over men, as the better nature ought ever to preside, in that case more particularly, he should as nearly as possible be approximated to his perfection.

The consecration of the state, by a state religious establishment, is necessary also to operate with a wholesome awe upon free citizens; because in order to secure their freedom, they must enjoy some determinate portion of power. To them therefore a religion connected with the state, and with their duty towards it, becomes even more necessary than in such societies where the people by the terms of their subjection are confined to private sentiments, and the management of their own family concerns. All persons possessing any portion of power ought to be strongly and awfully impressed with an idea that they act in trust; and that they are to account for their conduct in that trust to the one great master, authour and founder of society.

This principle ought even to be more strongly impressed upon the minds of those who compose the collective sovereignty, than upon those of single princes. Without instruments these princes can do nothing. Whoever uses instruments, in finding helps, finds also impediments. Their power is therefore by no means complete; nor are they safe in extreme abuse. Such persons, however elevated by flattery, arrogance, and self-opinion, must be sensible that, whether covered or not by positive law, in some way or other they are accountable even here for the abuse of their trust. If they are not cut off by a rebellion of their people, they may be strangled by the very janissaries kept for their security against all other rebellion. Thus we have seen the King of France sold by his soldiers for an increase of pay. But where popular authority is absolute and unrestrained, the people have an infinitely greater, because a far better founded confidence in their own power. They are themselves in a great measure their own instruments. They are nearer to their objects. Besides, they are less under responsibility to one of the greatest controlling powers on earth, the sense of fame and estimation. The share of infamy that is likely to fall to the lot of each individual in publick acts, is small indeed; the operation of opinion being in the inverse ratio to the number of those who abuse power. Their own approbation of their own acts has to them the appearance of a publick judgment in their favour. A perfect democracy is therefore the most shameless thing in the world. As it is the most shameless, it is also the most fearless. No man apprehends in his person he can be made subject to punishment. Certainly the people at large never ought: for as all punishments are for example towards the conservation of the people,

at large, the people at large can never become the subject of punishment by any human hand.* It is therefore of infinite importance that they should not be suffered to imagine that their will, any more than that of Kings, is the standard of right and wrong. They ought to be persuaded that they are full as little entitled, and far less qualified, with safety to themselves, to use any arbitrary power whatsoever; that therefore they are not, under a false show of liberty, but in truth, to exercise an unnatural inverted domination, tyrannically to exact, from those who officiate in the state, not an entire devotion to their interest, which is their right, but an abject submission to their occasional will; extinguishing thereby, in all those who serve them, all moral principle, all sense of dignity, all use of judgment, and all consistency of character, whilst by the very same process they give themselves up a proper, a suitable, but a most contemptible prey to the servile ambition of popular sycophants or courtly flatterers.

When the people have emptied themselves of all the lust of selfish will, which without religion it is utterly impossible they ever should, when they are conscious that they exercise, and exercise perhaps in a higher link of the order of delegation, the power, which, to be legitimate, must be according to that eternal, immutable law, in which will and reason are the same, they will be more careful how they place power in base and incapable hands. In their nomination to office, they will not appoint to the exercise of authority, as to a pitiful job, but as to a holy function; not according to their sordid selfish interest, nor to their arbitrary will; but they will confer that power (which any man may well tremble to give or receive) on those only, in whom they may discern that predominant proportion of active virtue and wisdom, taken together and fitted to the charge, such, as in the great and inevitable mixed mass of human imperfections and infirmities, is to be found.

When they are habitually convinced that no evil can be acceptable, either in the act or the permission, to him whose essence is good, they will be better able to extirpate out of the minds of all magistrates, civil, ecclesiastical, or military, any thing that bears the least resemblance to a proud and lawless domination.

But one of the first and most leading principles on which the commonwealth and the laws are consecrated, is lest the temporary possessours and life-renters in it, unmindful of what they have received from their ancestors, or of what is due to their posterity, should act as if they were the entire masters; that they should not think it amongst their rights to cut off the entail, or commit waste on the inheritance, by destroying at their pleasure the whole original fabrick of their society; hazarding to leave to those who come after them, a ruin instead of an habitation—and teaching these successours a little to respect their contrivances, as they had themselves respected the institutions of their forefathers. By this unprincipled facility of changing the state as often, and as much, and in as many ways as there are floating fancies or fashions, the whole chain and continuity of the commonwealth would be broken. No one generation could link with the other. Men would become little better than the flies of a summer.

And first of all, the science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect, which, with all its defects, redundancies, and errours, is the collected reason of ages, combining the principles of original justice with the infinite variety of human concerns, as a heap of old exploded errours, would be no longer studied. Personal self-sufficiency and arrogance (the certain attendants upon all those who have never experienced a wisdom greater than their own) would usurp the tribunal. Of course, no certain laws, establishing invariable grounds of hope and fear, would keep the actions of men in a certain course, or direct them to a certain end. Nothing sta-

* Quicquid multis peccatur inultum.

ble in the modes of holding property, or exercising function, could form a solid ground on which any parent could speculate in the education of his offspring, or in a choice of their future establishment in the world. No principles would be early worked into the habits. As soon as the most able instructor had completed his laborious course of institution, instead of sending forth his pupil, accomplished in a virtuous discipline, fitted to procure him attention and respect, in his place in society, he would find every thing altered; and that he had turned out a poor creature to the contempt and derision of the world, ignorant of the true grounds of estimation. Who would insure a tender and delicate sense of honour to beat almost with the first pulses of the heart, when no man could know what would be the test of honour in a nation, continually varying the standard of its coin? No part of life would retain its acquisitions. Barbarism with respect to science and literature, unskilfulness with regard to arts and manufactures, would infallibly succeed to the want of a steady education and settled principle; and thus the commonwealth itself would, in a few generations, crumble away, be disconnected into the dust and powder of individuality, and at length dispersed to all the winds of heaven.

To avoid therefore the evils of inconstancy and versatility, ten thousand times worse than those of obstinacy and the blindest prejudice, we have consecrated the state, that no man should approach to look into its defects or corruptions but with due caution; that he should never dream of beginning its reformation by its subversion; that he should approach to the faults of the state as to the wounds of a father, with pious awe and trembling solicitude. By this wise prejudice we are taught to look with horrour on those children of their country who are prompt rashly to hack that aged parent in pieces, and put him into the kettle of magicians, in hopes that by their poisonous weeds, and wild incantations, they may regenerate the paternal constitution, and renovate their father's life.

Society is indeed a contract. Subordinate contracts for objects of mere occasional interest may be dissolved at pleasure—but the state ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee, calico or tobacco, or some other such low concern, to be taken up for a little temporary interest, and to be dissolved by the fancy of the parties. It is to be looked on with other reverence; because it is not a partnership in things subservient only to the gross animal existence of a temporary and perishable nature. It is a partnership in all science; a partnership in all art; a partnership in every virtue, and in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations, it becomes a partnership not only between those who are living, but between those who are living, those who are dead, and those who are to be born. Each contract of each particular state is but a clause in the great primæval contract of eternal society, linking the lower with the higher natures, connecting the visible and invisible world, according to a fixed compact sanctioned by the inviolable oath which holds all physical and all moral natures, each in their appointed place. This law is not subject to the will of those, who by an obligation above them, and infinitely superiour, are bound to submit their will to that law. The municipal corporations of that universal kingdom are not morally at liberty at their pleasure, and on their speculations of a contingent improvement, wholly to separate and tear asunder the bands of their subordinate community, and to dissolve it into an unsocial, uncivil, unconnected chaos of elementary principles. It is the first and supreme necessity only, a necessity that is not chosen but chooses, a necessity paramount to deliberation, that admits no discussion, and demands no evidence, which alone can justify a resort to anarchy. This necessity is no exception to the rule; because this necessity itself is a part

too of that moral and physical disposition of things to which man must be obedient by consent or force; but if that which is only submission to necessity should be made the object of choice, the law is broken, nature is disobeyed, and the rebellious are outlawed, cast forth, and exiled, from this world of reason, and order, and peace, and virtue, and fruitful penitence, into the antagonist world of madness, discord, vice, confusion, and unavailing sorrow.

These, my dear sir, are, were, and I think long will be, the sentiments of not the least learned and reflecting part of this kingdom. They who are included in this description, form their opinions on such grounds as such persons ought to form them. The less inquiring receive them from an authority, which those whom Providence dooms to live on trust need not be ashamed to rely on. These two sorts of men move in the same direction, though in a different place. They both move with the order of the universe. They all know or feel this great ancient truth: "Quod illi prin-"cipi et præpotenti Deo qui omnem "hunc mundum regit, nihil eorum "quæ quidem fiant in terris acceptius "quam concilia et cætus hominum "jure sociati quæ civitates appellan-"tur." They take this tenet of the head and heart, not from the great name which it immediately bears, nor from the greater from whence it is derived; but from that which alone can give true weight and sanction to any learned opinion, the common nature and common relation of men. Persuaded that all things ought to be done with reference, and referring all to the point of reference to which all should be directed, they think themselves bound, not only as individuals in the sanctuary of the heart, or as congregated in that personal capacity, to renew the memory of their high origin and cast; but also in their corporate character to perform their national homage to the institutor, and authour and protector of civil society; without which civil society man could not by any possibility arrive at the perfection of which his nature is capable, nor even make a remote and faint approach to it. They conceive that He who gave our nature to be perfected by our virtue willed also the necessary means of perfection—He willed therefore the state—He willed its connexion with the source and original archetype of all perfection. They who are convinced of this his will, which is the law of laws and sovereign of sovereigns, cannot think it reprehensible that this our corporate fealty and homage, that this our recognition of a seigniory paramount, I had almost said this oblation of the state itself, as a worthy offering on the high altar of universal praise, should be performed as all publick solemn acts are performed, in buildings, in musick, in decoration, in speech, in the dignity of persons, according to the customs of mankind, taught by their nature; that is, with modest splendour, with unassuming state, with mild majesty and sober pomp. For those purposes they think some part of the wealth of the country is as usefully employed as it can be, in fomenting the luxury of individuals. It is the publick ornament. It is the publick consolation. It nourishes the publick hope. The poorest man finds his own importance and dignity in it, whilst the wealth and pride of individuals at every moment makes the man of humble rank and fortune sensible of his inferiority, and degrades and villifies his condition. It is for the man in humble life, and to raise his nature, and to put him in mind of a state in which the privileges of opulence will cease, when he will be equal by nature, and may be more than equal by virtue, that this portion of the general wealth of his country is employed and sanctified.

I assure you I do not aim at singularity. I give you opinions which have been accepted amongst us, from very early times to this moment, with a continued and general approbation, and which indeed are so worked into my mind, that I am unable to distinguish what I have learned from others from the results of my own meditation.

It is on such principles that the majority of the people of England, far from thinking a religious national establishment unlawful, hardly think it lawful to be without one. In France you are wholly mistaken if you do not believe us above all other things attached to it, and beyond all other nations; and when this people has acted unwisely and unjustifiably in its favour (as in some instances they have done most certainly) in their very errours you at least discover their zeal.

This principle runs through the whole system of their polity. They do not consider their church establishment as convenient, but as essential to their state; not as a thing heterogeneous and separable; something added for accommodation; what they may either keep up or lay aside, according to their temporary ideas of convenience. They consider it as the foundation of their whole constitution, with which, and with every part of which, it holds an indissoluble union. Church and state are ideas inseparable in their minds, and scarcely is the one ever mentioned without mentioning the other.

(To be concluded in our next.)

MORTUARY.

[The following tribute to the memory of a very amiable, benevolent, and pious man, is extracted from an Eastern paper. Mr. Storer was distinguished for his love of literature, and the exercise of all the domestick and social charities. He had the heart of a Howard, and the faith of a christian. As one of the earliest friends, of one of our dearest and most venerable friends, we cherish the *sweet remembrance* of an exemplary character, whose life was at once, active, innocent and useful, and whose death was distinguished by that silent and quiet expiration, without agony, without terrour, for which JOHNSON so often and so ardently prayed.]

Died in Boston, suddenly on the morning of the 6th of January, EBENEZER STORER, Esqr. A. M. A. A. S. and treasurer of Harvard College. He was born in this town, Jan. 27, 1730. His grandfather was col. Storer, of *Wells*, (*Maine*) of whose family honourable mention is made in Hutchinson's history of *Massachusetts*. At the age of seven years, he was put to the Latin school, under the tuition of the celebrated master Lovell, whence, in 1743 he went to the University at *Cambridge*, where, in 1747, and 1750, he received its honours. He then became an apprentice to his father, Mr. Ebenezer Storer, a respectable merchant, with whom he afterwards went into business, and from whom he inherited a handsome estate. In 1751 he was first married, and again in 1777. By the first marriage he had four children, who survive, and by the second, three.

Few persons, perhaps, have served their generation in a greater variety of office and with greater fidelity. He had acted in the capacity of selectman and treasurer of his native town. Under the administration of the Federal Government by president Adams he was collector of the internal revenue. During fifty-two years, he was a member of the church of Christ in *Brattle-street*; the greater part of that time, one of its committee; and several years a deacon. He was a member, from the first of the society, for propagating the gospel among the Indians, and for a season, its treasurer. He was also some time treasurer of the Academy of Arts and Sciences, and one of the original associates of that body. In 1777 he was elected treasurer of Harvard College, and, of course, became a fellow of the Corporation. It was in the management of this important and delicate trust, that the financial skill and punctuality of Mr. STORER were most successfully displayed; the preservation of the college funds, amidst the changes of the medium, attending our revolutionary war, was, in a great measure, owing to his sagacity and vigilance; and, to the day of his death, he executed his highly responsible duties with ease and credit to himself, and to the benefit and satisfaction of the legislature of that revered institution.

Into all his publick concerns he carried a clear knowledge of his obligations and rights, just intentions, and habits of exactness. He did every

thing in its proper season, and thus rescued his arrangements from surprise and vexation. By means of strict attention to method, the routine of his affairs suffered no interruption through the incursions of age, though for several years previous to his decease, his power of vision was nearly gone. He was fond of reading and of experimental philosophy; and in his library and studies, as in every department of life, love of order and a nice taste might easily be discerned. Tolerant and pacifick he was the steady friend of civil liberty. As a christian he was enlightened, sincere and liberal. He was regular and constant in his publick and private worship of God, and grave, discreet, and exemplary in his manners. But his domestick were his most shining qualities. Of a naturally mild and social temper, and eminently happy in his conjugal connexions, he appeared in the character of husband and father to the utmost advantage. In these respects his loss is particulary felt, and will long be lamented. An affectionate relict will ever cherish the memory of a tender and faithful consort. Dutiful children will frequently call up to their recollection, the venerable form of a parent who anxiously watched their early years, and always sought their felicity. And many relatives and friends will mourn the exit of a man, who to his general integrity of character added a splendour and grace to social life.

The numerous connexions of deacon Storer will, however, be consoled by a remembrance of his virtues and his hopes. They will reflect with gratitude to heaven on the protection and blessings which he experienced in the course of a long life; and devoutly supplicate the tranquillity of his end. Surely he must be classed among happy men, whose usefulness was protracted to the very door of the tomb. The last day of his life was marked by the same noiseless regularity and attention to business, which had distinguished his whole career. In his usual health, he retired to rest on the night of the 5th inst. and sunk quietly into a sleep from which he never awoke.

"Of no distemper, of no blast he died,
But fell, like autumn fruit, that mellow'd long;
Ev'n wonder'd at because he dropt no sooner.
Fate seem'd to wind him up for *seventy* years,
Yet freshly ran he on *sev'n* winters more;
Till, like a clock, worn out with eating time,
The wheels of weary life at last stood still."

VARIETY.

In the rough blast heaves the billow,
In the light air waves the willow;
Every thing of moving kind
VARIES with the veering wind:
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Sombre tale, and satire witty,
Sprightly glee, and doleful ditty,
Measur'd sighs, and roundelay,
Welcome all! BUT DO NOT STAY.
What have I to do with thee,
Dull, unjoyous Constancy?

Soame Jenyns somewhere very shrewdly remarks that "Resistance may sometimes be practised, but ought never to be preached, for we stand in need of no lessons to teach us disobedience; and therefore we do not find throughout the whole New Testament one *definition* or *recommendation* of *civil liberty*, nor one command to fight or die in its defence. These may be the glorious achievements of *patriots*, but these are not listed under the banners of Christ; the glory as well as the duty of his disciples, are—to *submit*.

The *friends of liberty* are enemies to all power, in any hands——but *their own*.

It has been asserted, that much of the elegance of ADDISON'S style is confined to the *Spectator*. This is false criticism. You see his manner in all his works. In his essay on medals, a work but little read in America, the following passages occur, which exhibit all the beauties and graces of the authour.

Medalists value themselves upon being criticks in rust, and will undertake to tell you the different ages of it by its colour. They are possessed with a kind of learned avarice, and are forgetting together hoards of such money only as was current among the Greeks and Latins. There are several of them that are better acquainted

with the faces of the Antonines than of the Stewarts; and would rather chuse to count out a sum in sesterces, than in pounds sterling.

—

I have heard of a virtuoso in Italy that used to swear by the head of Otho. Nothing can be pleasanter than to see a circle of these virtuosos about a cabinet of medals, descanting upon the value and rarity of the several pieces that lie before them. One takes up a coin of *gold*, and after having well weighed the figures and inscription, tells you, very gravely, if it were *brass*, it would be invaluable.

—

Eugenius was one that endeavoured rather to be agreeable than shining in conversation, for which reason he was more beloved, though not so much admired as Cynthio.

We are apt to think, says Eugenius, your medallists a little fantastical in the different prices they set upon their coins without any regard to the ancient value, or the metal of which they are composed. A silver medal, for example, shall be more esteemed than a golden one, and a piece of brass than either. To answer you, says Philander, in the language of a medallist, you are not to look upon a cabinet of medals as a treasure of money, but of knowledge; nor must you fancy any charms in gold, but in the figures and inscriptions that adorn it. The intrinsick value of an old coin does not consist in its metal, but its erudition. It is the device that has raised the species; so that, at present, an *as*, or an *obolus*, may carry a higher price than a *denarius*, or a *drachma;* and a piece of money, that was not worth a penny, fifteen hundred years ago, may now be rated at fifty crowns, or perhaps, a hundred guineas. I find, says Cynthio, that, to have a relish for ancient coins, it is necessary to have a contempt for the modern. But I am afraid you will never be able, with all your medallick eloquence, to persuade Eugenius and myself, that it is better to have a pocket full of Othos and Gordians, than of Jacobuses or Louis d' ors.

The first and most obvious use of medals is, the showing us the faces of all the great personages of antiquity. A cabinet of medals is a collection of pictures in miniature. You here see the copies of several statues that have had the politest nation in the world fall down before them. You have, too, several persons of a more thin and shadowy nature, as, Hope, Constancy, Fidelity, Abundance, Honour, Virtue, Eternity, Justice, Moderation, Happiness, and in short, a whole creation of the like imaginary substances. To these you may give the name of *genies* of nations, cities, provinces, highways, and the like allegorical beings. In devices of this nature, one sees a pretty poetical invention, and may often find as much thought on the reverse of a medal, as in a canto of Spenser.

History painters, perhaps without the assistance of medals, would have found it very difficult to invent such an airy species of beings, when they are obliged to put a moral virtue into colours, or to find out a proper dress for a passion.

An antiquarian, continues Cynthio, will scorn to mention a pinner or a night rail, a petticoat, or a manteau; but he will talk as gravely as a father of the Church on the *vitta* and *peplus*, the *stola* and *instita*. How would an old Roman laugh were it possible for him to see the solemn dissertations that have been made on these weighty subjects. To set them in their natural light let us fancy, if you please, that about a thousand years hence, some profound authour shall write a learned treatise on the habits of the present age, distinguished into the following titles and chapters.

Of the old British trowser.

Of the ruff and collar band.

The opinion of several learned men concerning the use of the shoulder knot.

Such a one mistaken in his account of the surtout, &c.

—

Abstract liberty, like other mere abstractions, is not to be found. Liberty inheres in some sensible object:

and every nation has formed to itself some favourite point, which by way of eminence becomes the criterion of their happiness.

—

Whether there be any American Pharisees or not, is not now the question; but we suppose that religious rascals like the following are common enough in all countries.

The Pharisees were a set of men, who were perpetually employed in *external* acts of piety and devotion, and as constantly employed in every species of extortion and fraud. They were equally remarkable for their religion and their roguery.

MERRIMENT.

The King shortly after his accession to the throne, walking one morning into his library, found one of the under librarians asleep in a chair. With that good tempered condescension and familiarity that so much distinguish him, he stepped up softly to him, and gave him a slight slap on the cheek; the sleeper clapt his hand on the place instantly, and, with his eyes still closed, taking the disturber of his nap for his fellow librarian, whose name was George, exclaimed, "Damn it George, let me alone, you are always doing one foolish trick or another."

—

Miss S——, a dashing Cyprian, in dancing at a masquerade at the Opera-House, happened to trip, and fell flat on her back; Lord Sandwich, who was in a domino, and near her, stooping to pick her up, said, "never mind it my pretty dear, practice makes perfect."

—

Mrs. D'Arblay wrote a tragedy called Edwy and Elgiva, which was, in 1795 brought forward at Drury-Lane Theatre; but some circumstances occurring to excite laughter, rather than pity or horrour, it had the misfortune to damned. Among the *dramatis personæ* were no less than seven Bishops, one of whom being arrested for some treasonable practices, the King called to his attendants, "Bring in the *Bishop!*"—"Aye," cries a fellow in the gallery, "*and make it good!*" Scarcely had the audience got the better of the laughter occasioned by this sally, than their tragedy-faces were completely got the better of, by the following short dialogue between Mrs. Siddons, in the character of the heroine, and Mr. Maddocks, as her faithful attendant.

Siddons, (impatiently) "Where shall I go for *ease?*

Maddocks, (softly) "*Behind yon hedge.*"

TO READERS AND CORRESPONDENTS.

"Amandus" speaks a language sufficiently intelligible in every country where Love has an altar, or a name. He addresses his mistress in the very spirit of these stanzas:

Deep confusion's rosy terrour,
Quite expressive paints my cheek;
Ask no more—*behold* your errour,
Blushes eloquently speak.

What though silent is my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air;
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what yours have written there.

F. C. C. who dates from Carlisle, and who appears in the guise of a gentleman and a scholar, is requested to persevere in his correspondence. We think the hint of a paper from the moon is a good one. Suppose that at least as often as Luna fills her horn, he should publish "The Lunatist," a mad-cap paper, which would divert the disciples of Swift and Rabelais?

The alarm of "B" is not without reason. The time is not very distant, when even a careless listener may hearken to those dismal sounds described by the poet of Venusium:

Audiet cives *accuisse ferrum*
Quo graves Persæ melius perirent
Audiet *pugnas*, vitio parentum
Rara juventus.

"Scriblerus" might find better employment than writing on an ungrateful topick and ploughing the sands of the sea-shore. There is an old song somewhere containing two stanzas of philosophy which Scriblerus might profitably practice:

With writing and thinking and planning large schemes,
Who forever would keep his poor brains on a stretch?
When, by bidding adieu to all *liberty's dreams*
And planting potatoes, he soon would grow rich.

Who would angle for meals that could catch his own fish?
As the honey unbought what desert half so sweet?
Give me eggs of my hens in a clean wooden dish,
And Ned's wholesome daughter to cook up the treat.

The scheme of "Zeno" is of romantick wildness: such a dauntless mortal must resemble in fool-hardiness of enterprise that desperate mariner described by Horace:

—— Qui fragilem truci
Commisit pelago ratem
Primus nec timuit præcipitem Africum
Decertantem aquilonibus,
Nec tristes Hyadas nec rabiem noti.

We shall be glad to hear again from "Theatricus." Green room anecdotes are generally of a very frivolous character, and memoirs of the common herd of actors and actresses are not very interesting to the busy or the wise; but in every great town there is the quædam *ardelionum* natio of Phædrus, and to this gentle tribe of loungers any story of the stage is sufficiently interesting.

Our "Friend" from the west is not forgotten. The editor, when he reflects upon certain features in this gentleman's character, remembers and applies a passage of POPE:

Thus ——*acts*, who always *speaks his thought*,
And always *thinks the very thing he ought;*
His equal mind I copy when I can,
And as I love, would imitate the man.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

For The Port Folio.

Oh! how shall I invoke the muse,
When Sorrow chills the song!
By Babel's streams, the captive Jews,
Their harps on willows hung!

No more they sang in cheerful strains,
But overcome with woe,
They thought of Salem's flow'ry plains,
And tears began to flow!

Think, dearest Cara, when away
So far from love and thee,
How slowly moves the tedious day!
How wretched I must be!

How dismal Ridley's fields appear!
All Nature wears a gloom!
The Sun himself shines dimly here,
To light me to my tomb!

How lonesome is the wintry blast,
That howls along the plain!
When will these cheerless days be past,
And peace return again?

Soon shall I seek the cold damp grave,
And lay my head "full low;"
No more to hear the tempest rave,
Or feel the driving snow!

Tell me thou fairest of the fair!
Thou Angel from above!
Is there no balm* for my despair?
No cure for hopeless love?

Say, who can life and joy impart,
And give a mourner ease?
Ah! who can heal a broken heart,
And banish "fell disease!"

Oh! could I animate a dove,
How soon I should be blest!
Soon, in thy snowy bosom, love!
My fluttering wings should rest!

ANNIUS.

December, 1806.

An American lady, now resident in England, has in a very obliging manner, forwarded to the Editor the following Original Epigram.

By the Rt. Hon. C. J. Fox.

Mrs. Montague told me, and in her own house,
That she did not regard me, *three skips of a louse.*
I forgive the dear creature, for what she has said;
For a woman will talk of what runs in her head!

—

I've heard your loss—your wife is dead,
Consoling Tom to Richard said.
"My wife is dead," cries Dick, "I own,
But for the loss, I know of none."

—

RONDEAU.

With two black eyes, that might a saint inflame,
The jilt Nannette caught Strephon by surprise;
But when the youth, enamoured of the dame,
Requested love for love, and sighs for sighs,
She frown'd, squall'd, cuff'd, and sent him whence he came,
With two black eyes.

* Is there no balm in Gilead, no physician there?

The Price of The Port Folio is Six Dollars per annum, to be paid in advance.

Published for the Editor at the N. East Corner of Second in Dock-Street, Philadelphia.

PRINTED BY T. SMITH & J. MAXWELL.